

The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by The Press Publishing Company, No. 55 to 63 Park Row, New York.
RALPH PULITZER, President, 63 Park Row.
J. ANGELO SHAW, Treasurer, 63 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 63 Park Row.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.
Subscription Rates to The Evening World for England and the Continent and World for the United States All Countries in the International Postal Union.
One Year.....\$2.50 One Year.....\$2.75
One Month......20 One Month......25

VOLUME 56.....NO. 19,961

WHICH IS HE?

CLASHES between American troops and Mexicans appear to be already serious. If Carranza has any sense left he will do all in his power to prevent their becoming more so. For every American cavalryman killed Uncle Sam's riders are likely to take heavy toll from the slayers.

But once more, what is Carranza's game? What can he gain by an official tone of surliness toward Americans which encourages Mexicans, army or people, to turn their guns on the pursuers of Villa?

Carranza was supposed to wish for nothing so much as for a Villaless and united Mexico. He now has the best chance he has ever had to run down his bandit enemy—with competent assistance. Yet he halts midway to antagonize his helpers!

It begins to seem incredible that Carranza's zeal for his country's welfare can be what this nation has assumed it to be. Either we misinterpreted his motives or he has changed them.

Carranza as a stiff-necked, irascible patriot could claim respect. He would even be entitled to indulgence. But a Carranza backed by secret and powerful forces outside his nation, a Carranza playing Germany's game, which happens to be also the game of various interests in this country which see profit in a conquest of Mexico, a Carranza professing to be jealous of his country's honor, who could nevertheless be induced to risk that honor to involve and embarrass the Government of the United States—that Carranza would be a different proposition.

No further passing of exhibits in the Sussex case. Washington will now sum up.

"THE SPIRIT OF 1860!"

THE Spirit of 1860 must guide the nation," says the Colonel. Well, just what was the "Spirit of 1860?" If history and the newspapers of the time are correct, it was a very dawdling, temporizing spirit, that allowed arsenals and their contents to be seized, Fort Sumter to be beleaguered and the entire North to be affronted by the "fire-eaters," while the editor of the Tribune, which now echoes the Colonel's bleats, was imploring the country to "let the erring sisters depart in peace."

There was no realization of what was to come and no preparation of any sort. Indeed, after Sumter had been fired upon—not in 1860, but in 1861—the methods taken to meet the emergency were ridiculous in view of what was to follow. It took from May to August to get the first New York cavalry regiment to Washington, and then the command had to be made up in part by Pennsylvania, while a Colonel was brought on from Michigan! The regiment lay around in New York practically in pawn, supported by private funds or credit, and was finally rescued by a public spirited citizen who went to Washington and begged \$3,000 from Mr. Lincoln's Secretary of War! This is but one example out of many.

Spirit of 1860! Flub-dub!

"Morgan's son has sold for \$12,000,000 treasures that cost his father \$50,000,000."—News item.
New Haven stockholders please weep!

THE VIPERS' NEST.

IT HAS long been plain to the observing that the group of German ships in harbor at Hoboken has been the centre of all the devilry designed to destroy ships and plants in the interest of Germany.

The processes of law are slow, but the steps taken by the authorities have been sure. Trial means conviction.

But what shall be said of these men who, to save their skins and ships, lie snugly under our protection, plotting crimes? If they were not cowardly vipers they would take on the same sort of cargoes they have been seeking to destroy and make boldly for home ports. That is their option.

They chose rather to stay and abuse the hospitality that shelters and defends them!

March was the biggest month for the cotton manufacturers the country has ever seen. Let the South take heart.

Hits From Sharp Wits

The only thing for which it is no good to advertise is a lost opportunity.

A just debt is one that is honestly due but the evidence of which is lacking.—Deseret News.

Notwithstanding its high cost, it isn't safe to estimate a man's wealth by the amount of gasoline on his clothes.—Nashville Banner.

An optimist is one who firmly believes that spring will come sometime.

A pessimist is one who looks forward to another winter like the last one.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Men may not understand women, but they should understand them well enough not to start an argument.—Atchison Globe.

It takes all kinds of four-flushers to make a world, including the one who remembers, as soon as he gets a couple of stacks ahead, that his wife is at home with a sick headache.

Letters From the People

The Fire Department Again.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
In reply to Beckman Street's criticism of the Fire Department of New York, no doubt there is room for improvement in the Fire Department, but in there anything in this world that is not subject to improvement? The Fire Department does not parade the streets looking for fires; that is the duty of the police or of any citizen who may discover a fire. Many fires gain great headway because every one leaves it to some one else to turn in an alarm. Here are a few facts to think over: The second alarm for the Beckman Street fire was turned in just three minutes after the first, which proves that within three minutes the alarm had been responded to. The situation sized up and an additional alarm telegraphed in. As to the high pressure system, does "Beckman Street" know the capacity of the high pressure pumps, that only a small part of this capacity was used and that a high pressure station has many sources of power, and salt and fresh water at hand? Does he know

that the heat blistered the paint in rooms across the street; that about seven firemen were sent to the hospital to be treated for burns; that the pressure used could have been almost trebled if necessary; that the pressure was sufficient to break the best hose obtainable as it did in Spruce Street? Why did a moving picture machine man beat the firemen to the fire? If one was there first, it was there before or very nearly before the alarm was turned in.

A. D. G.

A "Catch Problem!"

To the Editor of The Evening World:
In answer to C. B. referring to his problem of "arranging the numbers 123456789 in a row in three rows, so that they will, when counted, add up to 1,000." I don't think that can be done as a straight addition and that it is a catch question. And, if such, the following might be the correct answer: 719 plus 564 minus 283, figuring as follows: 719 plus 564 equals 1,283. Minus 283, 1,000. Might this possibly be the solution, readers?

Throwing Dust

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By J. H. Cassel



The Week's Wash

By Martin Green

THAT was a careful German submarine commander," remarked the head polisher, "who made a sketch of the boat he was about to torpedo at about the place and time the Sussex was torpedoed."

"The resourcefulness of the artistic mariner," said the laundry man, "is another proof of German efficiency. His experience would indicate that all submarine commanders in the German navy are supplied with drawing materials with which to make minute sketches of vessels about to be sent to the bottom without warning."

"But this particular undersea wizard is in a class all by himself. He is the only ship he has marked for destruction. The Sussex had his government of a vessel he was about to sink."

"Apparently the other U-boat commanders are in the artistic training in the excitement attending the destruction of a helpless ship carrying, perhaps, hundreds of helpless and unsuspecting passengers. There must be considerable excitement about such preparations."

"How fortunate it was for Germany that the particular commander that commanded the submarine that blew up a ship in the English Channel at about the place and the time of the destruction of the Sussex had his nerves under such perfect control that he was able to take out his sketch book and do his duty. Even though the ship he was marked for sinking was moving, he says, at 18 knots an hour and the fastest U-boat cannot attain anything near that speed under water, he took the time to make a sketch which shows conclusively to his government that the boat he attacked was not the Channel ferryboat Sussex, bound from England for France with non-combatants aboard, but another vessel, the existence of which is not shown in the maritime records of the world."

"Germany has never had a great marine painter. Perhaps this deep water prodigy will go down into history, filling the thus far vacant niche."

"Ends" vs. "Middle."

"It seems to me," said the head polisher, "that Carranza was a long time finding out that our troops went into Mexico through a misunderstanding."

"Probably," said the laundry man, "Carranza didn't find it out. Someone else found it out for him. Taken in connection with occurrences in Mexico, his suggestion that we withdraw our troops before they have really begun the work they were sent to do has points of bad faith sticking out all over it."

"Coincident with his request to our Government that the United States army pack up and sneak out of his country, officials of his own government circulated reports that the armed forces of this country are in

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

I SUPPOSE we got to take them," grumbled Mr. Jarr.
"Certainly we've got to take them," said Mrs. Jarr. "There isn't a child in this neighborhood but what has been taken to the circus, or is going to be taken, and I'm sure I don't want my children to feel that they are beggars and can't go to see things that other children see!"

"Gee whiz! Is that all you think of?" asked Mr. Jarr. "What other people think? What other people say? What other people do? It makes me tired!"

"It should!" said Mrs. Jarr, with some asperity. "Other people think I'm a patient woman to put up with you the way I do. Other people say, 'Well, it's a pity that man can't have a little respect for his wife and family,' and other people do differently from what you do!"

"At this dire threat of being harassed by the gigantic pachyderm at the instigation of her brother the girl emitted a dreadful wail, and Mrs. Jarr stopped and threatened to return home forthwith unless Willie stopped teasing his sister and his sister ceased crying."

But, led where the elephants towered impressively in a close chained herd, the boy's fortitude deserted him, and he dropped his bag of peanuts and fled. In their seats near the arena the boy's self-possession returned and, noting the paraphernalia of the strong man, he made a dart for it and essayed to lift the 200-pound dumbbells. At this instant the grand cavalcade that opened the performance swept down upon them, and the hysterical mother saw herself parted from her boy, while between them swept men on foot, men on horseback, camels, elephants and the rest of the wonderful cortege.

As the grand entree ended Willie strutted back, a hero in his own eyes, for a clown at the end of the procession had hit him with a slapstick. Then the wonders of the circus were spread before them, and all the way home Mr. Jarr bored the children to death by telling them of the old Roman cruelties, the sagacity of the elephants and the general ferocity of wild beasts in their native lairs.

Not one word did Willie Jarr hear or remember. He is plotting to take his air gun and run away with the circus, for, as he told Johnny Rangle, the funniest clown winked at him, and that meant "Join us; we want brave lads like you!"

The Woman of It.

By Helen Rowland.

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

She Says Divorce Is a Rejuvenator—but So Is Arsenic.

"LOOK! Look at that stunning woman over there!" whispered the Widow excitedly, as she gazed with astonished eyes at a svelte, dark-haired, radiant creature in a rose-wreathed picture hat.

"I HAVE been looking at her," admitted the Bachelor, dropping his gaze to his coffee cup, "all evening. I—I thought I knew her."

"You mean you thought you'd like to know her," corrected the Widow, with a smile of understanding. "Oh, don't apologize! You can't be blamed. And, to think," she murmured mysteriously, "that only three years ago she was fat and frumpy and faded!"

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the Bachelor, almost upsetting his coffee. "Don't shatter my illusions like that! What on earth has she done to work the miracle of transformation?"

"She had an operation for appendicitis," stated the Widow calmly. "What?"

"And got a divorce," she added.

The Bachelor set down his cup and regarded the Widow patiently. "I admit your premises," he remarked ironically, "but I object to your classification. What has appendicitis to do with divorce?"

"Why?" asked the Widow innocently. "Aren't divorce and appendicitis operations, both painful and horrible and expensive? Aren't they both ordeals to which one resorts only in the last extremity, and which one puts off until the very last moment? Aren't they both surgical operations, whereby we amputate a painful and useless member? And aren't they both REJUVENATORS?" she demanded dramatically.

"Shocked" Back to Youth.

"UGH!" groaned the Bachelor with a shudder. "So is arsenic!"

"Yes," agreed the Widow cheerfully. "And strychnine and electric shocks and facial surgery. You don't imagine I am ADVOCATING any of those things, do you? I'm merely trying to explain their phenomena. Haven't you ever observed how often a puny, anaemic sort of person begins to get plump and healthy and vital and normal after an appendicitis operation? And haven't you ever noticed how a man or woman who has had a harrowing matrimonial experience, and gone through the valley and shadow of divorce, gradually begins to take on color and put off weight, and to blossom out and 'take notice' after receiving the decree? Why, there seems to be nothing like an occasional divorce to keep a man youthful and brighten up a woman's looks!"

"Humph!" grunted the Bachelor cynically. "To judge by the perennial youth of those who have acquired the divorce-and-marry-again habit, you're right. But I wonder why. It must take an awful lot of energy and emotional exercise to keep it up, the way some people do."

"That's just the secret of it!" exclaimed the Widow delightedly. "It's EXERCISE—heart exercise—that keeps people young! Ossification of the heart and the emotions will make you old sooner than ossification of the arteries. If husbands and wives would just inject a little more enthusiasm and variety and heart exercise into matrimony there wouldn't be such a popular demand for divorces. Just as people who take plenty of physical exercise never have to be braced up with strychnine and quinine and arsenic! But marriage is SO settled; there is such a tranquil monotony, such a 'to-day-yesterday-and-forever' quality about it that husbands and wives simply sit down and allow themselves to become sentimentally and spiritually sluggish. Then they ossify!"

The Fate of the Praise-Miser.

"WHAT are you recommending? Polygamy?" demanded the Bachelor. "Not at all," protested the Widow indignantly. "I'm recommending a little more enthusiasm for marriage, a little less of the 'Now-we're-marrried-and-it's-all-over' feeling. Why, most married people never wake up until after the divorce. After the divorce you feel that you've got to get up and make life all over, brand new, again. You're 'in the running.' You take stock of yourself and are astonished to discover how much you've let yourself down while you were struggling with matrimony and the kitchen range and the grocery bills. After a divorce a woman goes out and gets a new religion, a new corset and a new face powder, and a man goes out and gets a new viewpoint, a new grip on his work and a new flirtation. And with these, they both find that they have gotten a new zest and a new vigor. And that's the secret of rejuvenation and eternal youth—ENTHUSIASM for life! But why, oh! why, can't we carry it into matrimony, instead of out of it?"

"Perhaps," suggested the Bachelor, "because we never get any encouragement in married life."

"Yes!" cried the Widow. "That's another thing. A divorced person experiences the thrilling novelty of hearing nothing but compliments, instead of nothing but criticisms."

"So does a dead person," interjected the Bachelor softly.

"I wonder why husbands and wives are so rigidly with their flattery," continued the Widow, ignoring the flippancy, "and so generous with their advice and criticism. Why, if I had a husband I'd tell him something nice about himself every day of his life. Then he'd never feel the slightest desire for arsenic or divorce, or any other REJUVENATOR. He'd feel so perpetually enthusiastic about himself and life and ME that he'd stay eternally young!"

"Sh!" cried the Bachelor anxiously. "Don't say that! If they should hear it every eligible man in town would be asking you to marry!"

There are no points of the compass on the chart of true patriotism.—WINTHROP.

For the Easter Shopper

THE suits worn by the men in this year's Easter parade will be considerably lighter in color than has been the custom for some seasons. This is largely due to the dye situation, but then light tones seem more appropriate for the summer season and so lighter colors are the order of the day and we will probably see many smart gray suits on Easter Sunday. There will be pretty checks and overalls, as well as the serviceable mixtures. The long popular navy blue is not to be set aside so easily and as long as the cap is secured the blue fabrics will be well dressed.

In coats the Norfolk effects will be popular and will share favor with the more conservative sack coat. Many of the new spring coats show a Norfolk cut with the well known cutaway front and there are various modifications of the Norfolk. The sack coat may be single style, or double breasted and may be in three, two or one-buttoned effect. In the latter the link button is a new feature and is the smart finish this season.

There is a tendency toward narrower lapels and collars and in the former the sharp peak effect is favored. Fabric patterns are seen on many of the coats and are considerably smart. Vests are without collar and the newest neck calls for a more open cut. Trousers are being made on narrow lines and the cuff is again favored.

The cap is becoming such a favorite with men that many prefer those to the hat. The shops are showing such smart styles in caps that they are no longer regarded as strictly sport headgear, but as a part of the wardrobe will be seen in the Easter parade. The tie the man wears is in many cases an Easter gift from the lady and often it is worn in sheer matrimony. When selecting a tie a woman should take into consideration a man's taste as well as the prevailing styles. Most men prefer a four-in-hand and these will be found decidedly by narrow this season. The fashionable tie shows figures instead of stripes and these should be small. If a man likes a bow tie, get one of the new bow ties. They are going to be very popular during the coming season. The subdued colors that have held sway during these war times are now to be displaced by brighter tones, even though it be but a touch of color in the figure perhaps. In materials there is a greater diversity than in former seasons. The Easter tie may be of taffeta, crepe de chine, grenadine or the pongee. In the latter there are many attractive patterns, especially in the embroidered effects and these ties are not only new, but promise to be decidedly popular.

Body of Motor Car Used as Darkroom

A MOTOR truck, the body of which is a mammoth reproduction of a newspaper camera, has recently been put into service by a Philadelphia daily both as an advertisement and as a saver of time for its photographers. The big camera has what appears to be a lens projecting from its rear end; large thumb screws, such as turn films and adjust the focus, project from the sides; what appears to be a hood is fastened to the top. With the aid of a ladder a photographer in this big camera can mount the top of the truck through an opening surrounded by the hood, says Popular Mechanics. At this elevation of 13½ feet excellent photographs often can be secured while competing photographers are still searching about for means to get themselves and their cameras above the crowd. This motor-truck body is light-proof, and is fitted up as a developing room so that films or plates may be developed and prints made during the return trip to the office, thus effecting a saving of time that means much to a newspaper.



BY PERMISSION OF POPULAR MECHANICS